

**VOL.2 NO.4**  
**APRIL**  
**1995**

**FREE**



**NATIVES AND  
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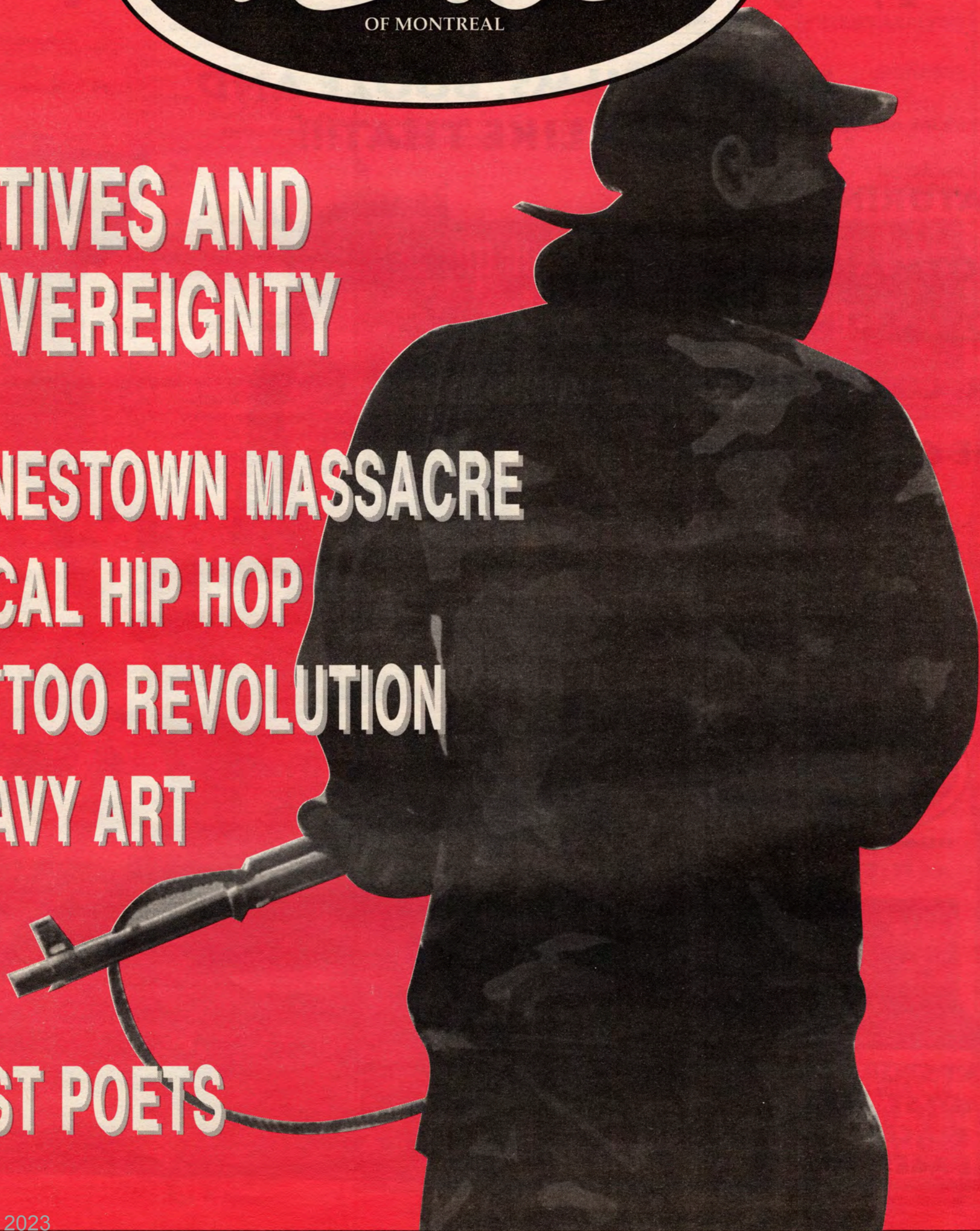
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# VOICE

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## RON MENDELMAN'S



Summon, a Utah-based company, will mummify you for a mere \$3,500. Like the great pharaohs of Egypt, you too can be preserved for the ages. Canuck's Sportsmen's Memorials of Des Moines, Iowa, will take the cremated remains of a loved one, load them into shotgun shells, and shoot them into the deceased's favorite hunting ground.

On the black market, organ traffickers sell a slice of human liver for up to \$150,000. A slice is enough because a partial liver will regenerate itself. Lungs sell for \$50,000 for one lobe. Kidneys sell for \$10,000 - \$15,000 each.

In 1969, the value of the human body's chemical component was worth 98 cents-five pounds of calcium, a pound and a half of phosphorous, some potassium, sulphur, sodium and a pinch of magnesium, iron copper and iodine. With inflation factored in, the value of these chemicals today is \$8.84.

In Michigan, university researchers are using cadavers instead of crash-test dummies in car crashes sponsored by the auto industry. The researchers hope to better simulate the effects of a car crash on the human body by using real dead bodies.

The Canadian Airborne Regiment's incident has got the country in a total uproar. Eating feces is kidstuff compared to some of the hazing techniques used by teenage gangs in big city USA. Some young posers in San Antonio, Texas like to get their new recruits drunk, then they beat the hell out of them and make them cross a 6-lane highway a few times back and forth, with their eyes blindfolded.

According to insurance companies, the average American life is worth approximately \$80,000-in other words, the most an average American can afford to pay for an insurance policy.

An average person who weighs 160 pounds has bones that weigh only a total of 28 pounds.

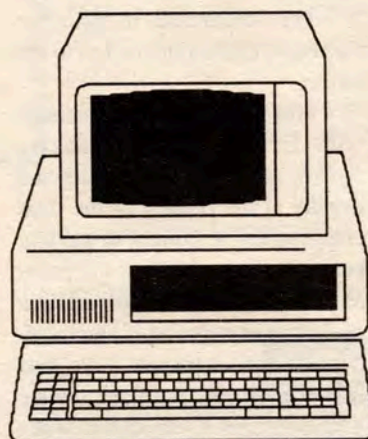
The human skeleton is rebuilt in its entirety every two years.

"If anything is sacred, the human body is sacred."

-Walt Whitman

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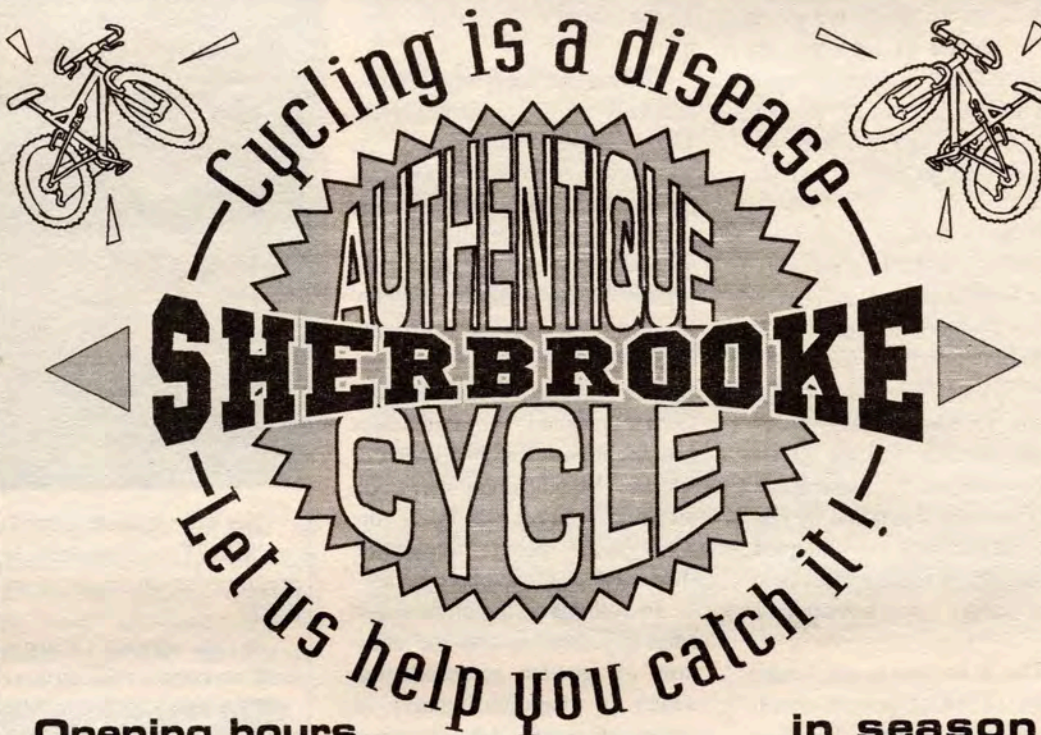
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APRIL 1995 VOICE



# MTL. Hip Hop: Microphone check

by Derrick Beckles

## ...is this thing on?

**H**ave you ever wondered about the status of the hip hop community in Montreal? Better yet, did you even know one existed? Well it does, and to be perfectly blunt, you should know more about it. The hip hop scene is alive, insightful and almost completely ignored. With little support or recognition outside college radio, the community finds itself in the precarious position of trying to survive in the music industry while creating an atmosphere of positive change within the black communities and in society as a whole.

From a generation that desperately seeks an alternative to the non-virtues of vacuous past gener-

of the perceived easy money tends to invite accountants to influence the music that should be left to the artists.

"Hip hop is a tough business with a lot of people making money, and the performers are usually at the bottom of the food chain when it comes to getting paid," R-Kade states of the problem. Mizery sees the appropriation of culture as negative if black culture is not respected. "We lost jazz, we lost rock n roll, so anyone who enters the scene should at the very least be knowledgeable and respectful of our culture." He is also quick to point out that there are several good, serious white rappers in Montreal but dislikes

assumptions of what being black means. "Don't come out and insult me by talking about drugs and guns. Don't grab your crotch making like we have gonorrhea.

Those aren't cultural trade marks."

Within the local support system there are also political aspects. The Haitian community is acknowledged to be the most supportive of both French and English acts while the English support is considerably less. Mizery, who speaks French, English, Patois and currently improving his Creole, sees this as another obstacle in a musical force already plagued with prejudices and problems. But he finds this Island to Island cultural gap worth bridging. "I try to bring the Anglophone people to French shows. We all have to do our part."

In addition to the problems of language, there is also the question of gender representation which is disproportionately in favour of males. All concerned agree that females in hip hop are not always taken seriously and that the males must do their part to recognize them as strong forces and show respect.

All in all, Mizery, R-Kade and Swann feel a need to convey their messages of peace and unity for all concerned. R-Kade sums up his concern for the younger hip hop fans via his little bro, "I see him getting the wrong message with violence and sex. I'm trying to influence him and his friends with a positive message."

If you have a few bucks and a brain, check these guys out. R-Kade is opening for Biggie Smalls. Swann is soon to release a 12" and Mizery is planning

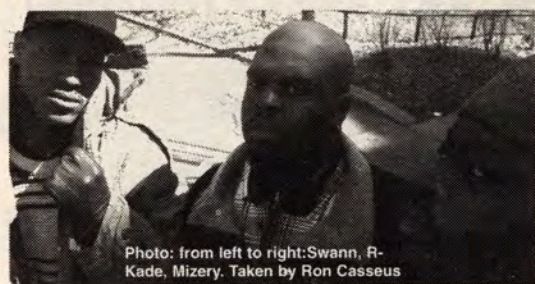


Photo: from left to right: Swann, R-Kade, Mizery. Taken by Ron Casseus

ations, or so we claim, we are, in fact, in danger of repeating the ignorance. Though there are many styles of music existing in rock, for the true essence of change and political musings, rap music is the source.

Rappers Swann Scandaluz, Mizery and R-Kade have positioned themselves as vehicles for positive change, and they don't take the job lightly. Driven by the virtues of black cultural pride and a desire to educate, they unanimously question Canada as the best environment for musical success. Canada's reputation as apathetic and gutless is well deserved. Until they have made it elsewhere, few artists get respect or opportunity.

"This is no joke to me," states Swann, "a lot of people simply want to get props from their boys and have nothing to say, but I want to make a difference." Currently Swann, with the help of his manager Latisha, is trying to hook-up in New York in order to make as much noise as possible. Mizery and R-Kade plan to stick it out in Montreal for as long as they can. For R-Kade, the scene is slowly getting better with new artists challenging a lot of older artists to come up with new styles. Neither R-Kade nor Mizery claim to be in hip hop for the cash or fame but admit that recognition gets their messages out, though both fear that a mis-appropriation of hip hop culture can attract dubious motives toward the music. The commodification and temptation

# Montreal's Soul Source: CKUT's Hip Hop DJ's In Your Ear

By Gerard Dee

Innovators of rhythm. Finders of the funk. Guardians of the groove. Anyone of these titles could describe a handful of local radio DJs whose eclectic choice of music gives Montreal a dose of what it needs: SOUL.

Whether it be the tribal rhythms of house, the sensuous sound of the slow groove, the bass-heavy lyrical assault of Rap, the jeep beats of Hip Hop or the infectious hooks of R&B, these DJ's play the music that most of their mainstream peers either can't or won't play.

In a city inundated with MOR and rock radio, McGill University's own CKUT provides an outlet for another music to be heard. In doing so, it has made a Soul space in a landscape where mainstream rock is constant, alternative bands flourish and country videos can be seen 24 hours a day.

"CKUT is the vanguard of urban music in Montreal," says Ricky Daley, whose "Sounds of Soul" rocks the airwaves every Sunday at midnight. "CKUT happens to be the oldest and therefore the most established and the most recognized of all the radio stations in Montreal that plays urban radio."

In fact, without McGill's airwaves, there would be little contemporary R&B / Hip Hop gracing Montreal's music lines. Curious, for a city known for its sophisticated night life, cosmopolitan mix and worldly fashion sense, that these elements don't make for more diversified radio formats.

Not so curious for Ricky.

"As a province we're very narrow-minded in terms of what we perceive as good or bad," he says. "And it carries over into all aspects of our lives. And radio is just another example of our intolerance with those who happen to be other than the status quo."

It's a viewpoint shared by one of his peers, N Oji Mzilikazi, whose show "The Lion's Den," gives listeners a mixture of house, R&B and classic soul every Wednesday.

"I find that people here are really close-minded musically," says Mzilikazi. "Now in the States where you have different radio formats, where they'll play the hits, play the slow songs, people are much more musically aware."

That awareness is as much a product of a larger market as it is of exposure. Exposure that CKUT provides because few other stations do.

"Program directors in Montreal on Commercial radio stations don't look at (Hip Hop) as an economically viable music," says the host Friday's "Weekend Groove," Donald D.

"They do play one or two tracks like Boyz II Men or Toni Braxton which are basically crossover acts. But as far as the aspect of new and upcoming groups, they don't touch it really. Which is sad."

But D is quick to point out that commercial radio wasn't always so hesitant to embrace the music.

"At one time, Montreal had a chance to really break out and support all different forms of music," he says. "Basically when 990 Hits was on the radio, there was a lot of support by a lot of different business and organizations.



"Even back then it showed that there was a lot of support, even on the AM dial... for the different types of sounds that were available, R&B, Hip Hop included. It's politics, you're dealing with a lot of politics."

Since then, it seems the city has moved beyond the sounds of soul, choosing to embrace electronic dance music like Reel II Reel or Euro-pop like Ace of Base. Which begs the question, do Montrealers still want to touch the Soul?

Butcher T, host of Friday's "Noon Time Cuts" says yup.

"There is a market," says T. "And people are stirring for it, because a lot of people out there like R&B."

Not only is there a market, but T is convinced that it's a profitable one.

"CKUT, on a business level, makes money on all these programs," he says. "If you put all those black programs on one night, it would be big trouble for the commercial stations. But why should we have to do that?"

In fact, why isn't it just a matter of course that Hip Hop is embraced by this city when it has established itself on commercial airwaves throughout North America including our sister/rival city Toronto?

"Toronto is different," says Mzilikazi. "The fact is you do have American stations broadcast into the marketplace. So if the marketplace isn't with it, people can still get their musical needs elsewhere. Here in Montreal you don't have that outside source."

Which bring us back to one of the few sources that Montrealers do have: CKUT.

"It kind of leaves community stations like CKUT and college radio stations to educate and somehow inform people that there's another kind of sound than what you can listen to on a commercial level," says Donald D.

"Basically I have to keep doing what I've been doing every Friday night, N Oji keeps doing what he's doing every Wednesday, Butcher T... we all keep doing our jobs and entertaining people, keep busting our butts and making everybody happy."

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**T**hunderous clapping comes from a video screen demanding attention like the voice of the omnipresent leader in 1984. Nine naked Barbies mimic the video image. They twist on stools, devotees to the fearlessly femme reign of a voluptuous ass.



BUTT RULES. STILL FROM JOELLE CIONA'S *TWIST BARBIE AND THE BUTT CLAP*

In this image and power shift, conformity is put on trial. The flawless and plastic contrived female pales next to a single unique image that literally applauds itself. That thunder is actually performance artist Joelle Ciona shaking rhythmically, butt clapping in her last show, "*Twist Barbie*" and the *Butt Clap*.

Society is obsessed with women's bodies that are regarded as public property or within public interest. Not measuring up is often met with hostility and a conscious, concerted dismissal. The price of deviancy is banishment and to persist in being different can mean a life sentence.

Saturated with images that dictate weight correctness, Ciona dusts off some archaic work-out machines at her grandma's farm. *Three Prairie Exercise Videos* trace a legacy of image consciousness. "She was a farm wife," Ciona says of her grandmother. "She could drive anything, but at the same time she was always concerned about the way that she looked."

In *Pigs*, the artist thrusts wildly on a flat, pivoting flappy bed while enormous swine, snorting with other farm sounds, watch with mild interest. Visually the video is stunning. Lush colours lend a surreal quality to the hyper-real, never mind what this farm lady is doing on a ridiculous and ineffectual workout contraption, naked except for rubber boots.

With outrageous humour, Ciona's work-out videos expose

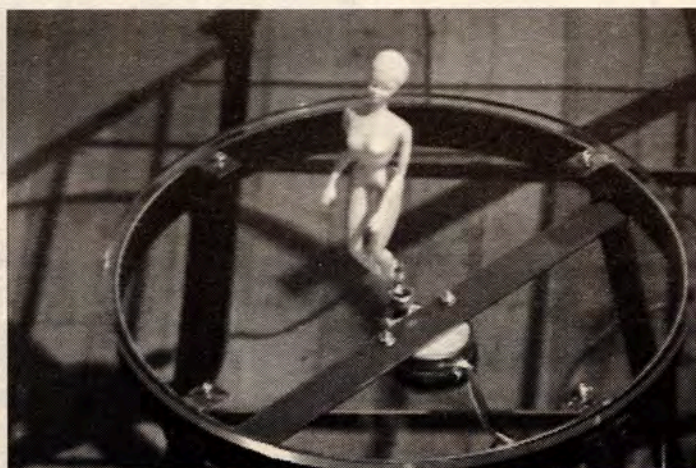
# Fatastic bodies of art

By Cathleen Skidmore

borrows conventional self-help elements with the studied enthusiasm of the *Personal Power* infomercials. A self-love sequence brings Sisler together with her other self, via the painted charts, using a dubious science like the miracle cure from a quack doctor selling snake oil.

"I take something from popular culture like the self-help thing, take it out, road test it and wait for the flaws to emerge. The flaws have emerged my whole life. You are told if you do steps one, two, three, you are going to be okay. Well, it doesn't work. There's always some kind of a flaw or a false promise."

ludicrous dictates of a regimented body obsession while cele-

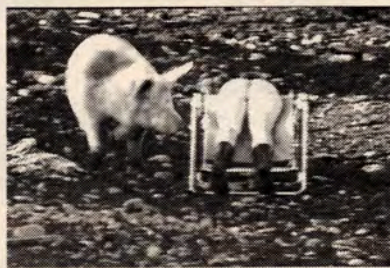


THE PLASTIC PERFECTION. FROM *TWIST BARBIE AND THE BUTT CLAP*

brating Prairie nature. "More than thinking, ack! I'm really big I need to exercise, it's hey, I can create my own image that's going to be appealing to me."

"In terms of the ideal women," explains artist Cathy Sisler, "the real misogynist base is to reduce you until you are absolutely too weak and too quiet to take up any space at all. It's about reducing women until they are totally disempowered somehow. So if you are breaking that law, walking down the street and taking up a lot of space, it is really resented."

Sisler's recent work is like a circus side show. Brightly coloured booths and strange charts invite the eager and receptive, like her pamphlet says, to access *The Better Me*. In the video segment the artist



LINE-UP AT THE GYM IN CIONA'S *PIGS* WORK-OUT

ed parts. "I have invented the amputated me which is the whole me because socially she is considered undesirable. She was amputated around adolescence but I continue to have communication with her like she was a phantom limb. The other me continues to be really powerful. She was amputated so she's now living in a virtual

reality because she's not allowed in a social context. By that fact nothing can change her," states Sisler slyly.

Though artists continue to expose and defuse the myth of the ideal woman, society persists with old ideas. Obviously, women can't seize power if their entire focus is fitting into a size 8.

"The reason that I'm not being successful in the world," Sisler mocks, "or able to accomplish things is because I

have these couple of flaws that I've got to fix. The promise is that once you fix them everything is going to fall into place, and that's bullshit."

Cathy Sisler, *The Better Me*, 1325 Ontario E, April 6-23, 1-5pm

Joelle Ciona performing at *Brokenspoken II*, Phoenix Cafe, 3901 St Laurent, April 20, 10pm

## THEATRE

### Noise From The Dark III

By -Carol Wood.

Studio 303

In our overloaded world of advertising and technology, our eyes and ears are battered with a constant stream of flashes fighting for our attention. Our two "placement" senses, hearing and seeing, got rinsed and stretched last weekend in the Studio 303 production, *Noise From The Dark*. The concept is strikingly simple: listen to music and noises in the dark. As every insomniac and teenager will attest, sound is intensified when the lights are off: every move, every breath, every squeak seems amplified and precise.

The first piece by Diane Labrosse was an impressive initiation to this realm of heightened sensitivity. Recorded street sounds surrounded the audience with a complex aural tapestry, where every ear strained to pick up indications of what was going on. Some sounds were exotic, conjuring up pictures of bustling markets in tropical countries, and others were banal, making you wonder if you were hearing things from the street outside.

Later on, the sounds began to move, and live performers took over, singing or playing from various positions in the room. This unexpected multiplying of music was very exciting, and could have been used more throughout the performance. Kathy Kennedy's choral piece, where the words "one and one and one..." swirled around the room, was breathtaking in its simplicity.

The paradox of a concert given in absolute blackness is that while you think the lack of visual stimulus will free you to concentrate on what you hear, the absence of light actually ends up being a whole new area to explore, a true distraction. Your eyes see flashes of light that aren't there, your glasses feel useless, and you shift positions, knowing nobody can see what you do. There are no visual anchors, and the electronic humming and zooming in one of the pieces made many audience members feel dizzy and faint.

As the heavy velvet curtains were pushed aside and we all stepped blinking into the light, the feeling was that we had been somewhere exciting and new, somewhere between hearing and seeing, in the middle of two senses.

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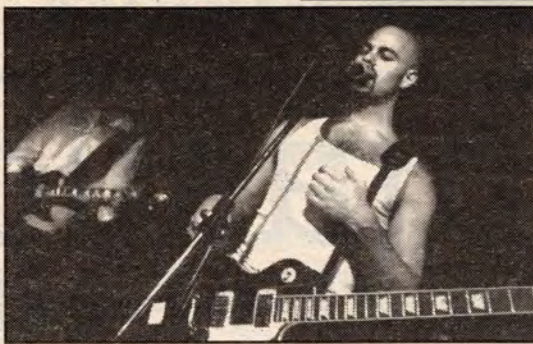
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Photo: Sean O'Hara (this is not Paul Gott)



## Shudder To Think and Stellar Dweller

Woodstock, April 1

Having not seen **Shudder To Think** since they opened for **Fugazi** last September, to say that I was looking forward to this show would be an understatement. Whoa.

First up was local band **Stellar Dweller**. They've been together for a while, and have been trying to get their hands on as many gigs as possible. Playing material from their album, *Hiwatrauma*, they seemed to have the desire but lacked the stamina. The audience seemed to distance themselves. Personally, I found the band derivative of so much of the rock out there these days. Straight-ahead rock bores me shitless unless certain elements are fresh and original — Plain like Vanilla. Listen to a **Sun Ra** record and keep on truckin'.

**Shudder To Think** rocked. After signing last year with Epic Records, the band released *Pony*

*Express Record* later the same year. The record itself is pretty good, but **Shudder To Think** must be experienced live to capture the full spectrum. Veterans of countless tours, three previous albums on Dischord Records, they finally found the right rhythm section in Adam Wade (ex-**Jawbox**) and Stuart Hill.

The moment **Shudder To Think** hit the stage, after dealing with a few technical difficulties, they delivered righteous song after righteous song, concentrating most of the set on their newer album. Guitarist Nathan Larson played his guitar like a badass magic wand, eyes rolling in the back of his head, and drenched with sweat by the end of the show. Lead singer Graig Wedren rolled out his voice like a velvet carpet. The rhythm section remained tight as a vice-grip throughout the entire show with Stu Hill's laid back bass innuendo complimenting Adam Wade's concentration and sheer drumming ability. If you missed this show, kick yourself. But rumour has it that they will be coming back this summer. -Rufus Raxlonovitch

## Black Uhuru, Kali & Dub

Metropolis, March 24

With obstacles like rapidly depleting original members and organizational headaches, Jamaica's **Black Uhuru** still managed to piece together a good show. We haven't really had a good reggae turnout since Buju Banton and this show had the power to financially



Photo: Ron Casseus

make or break reggae in Montreal. Luckily, the show was packed and promoters will have incentive to bring in big acts again. **Black Uhuru** themselves weren't phenomenal. Satisfactory dub and sweet vocals that did the best they could with so few members and almost two decades of songs to cover. Montreal's reggae recession is off to a slow but sure recovery. -Lorraine Ménard

## The Roots, Swann-Scandaluz, ...At Random

March 22nd, The Savoy

The Philadelphia based **Roots** came rippin' through a break in the space-sound continuum. Fulfilling cosmic prophecies they came, finally bridging the gap between hip hop and jazz, between the dat machine and the live band, between pre-recorded phatness and the mastery of the live performance. **The Roots** have arrived.

The show began with solid performances by **Swann-Scandaluz** and **...At Random**, that were however, somewhat out of place for a show of this nature.

Almost two hours later when all the heavenly bodies were aligned in the Montreal sky, and the minds of five hundred souls spread themselves wide open in heated expectation, six young men stepped on stage and put on a show that must have boggled Jah himself.

**The Roots** truly proceeded to rock the mic, with Black Thought doing more than just thinking on stage. His precisely executed rapid fire lyrical antics, charged with his angry mellow b-boy attitude, was a perfect up-front element for the band. Malik B, though much less charismatic, was quite proficient in providing that second-man element.

With brother Question leading the rhythm section on drums, a demon possessed bass man, and a decent keyboardist, **The Roots** took us through what must have been an hour and a half of music and seven dimensions of sound distorting their static yet, remaining calm while mellowing out, **The Roots** proved that this live hip hop band



Photo: Ron Casseus

dream can be realized. This induced some of the wickedest renditions of well known old school classics.

Somehow, **The Roots** smuggled into Canada with them, a walking sound effect machine posing as a man. They called this thing Rahzee, The Godfather of Noise. Whether human or not, Rahzee twisted the collective Montreal mind into knots, with a twenty minute show all to himself. From Robocop imitations, to scratching mixing and cutting, Rahzee belched forth the most amazing sounds to come from a mouth. Rahzee may well have stolen the show.

This will go down into my personal files as one of the best hip hop shows I've ever seen and may well leave Montreal hip hop crews deciding whether to get out while they can. **The Roots** are definitely phat. -Manchilde

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## GUNS & WANKERS *For Dancing and Listening* (Fat Wreck Records/Cargo)

Comprised of ex-Snuff members and a wacky newcomer, Guns & Wankers debut album is swellsville. The British punk invasion is back with a bloody twist, sounding like yankees and punker than heck. If you like Fat's releases you won't be disappointed. If you don't like Fat's releases then ditto. Either way they don't sound like the spoiled disenfranchised jocks emitting lame social commentary in southern Cal. Pogo down to your local shop, bump dance up to the counter, flip off the proprietor and slap down your loot. -Derrick Beckles

## REVIEW

### OL'DIRTY BASTARD

*Return To The 36 Chambers: The Dirty Version* (Elektra)

The second member of the (much sought after) Wu-Tang clan to put out a solo record, Ol'Dirty Bastard proves his own unique capabilities on this record. His trade-mark hoarse voice and slur are all over the place and the Wu-Tang flair for comedic drama is also present. Lyrically, Dirty's keep-it-simple style works, but don't expect any words of genius. Intelligence is present in the form of old-school beats and Dirty's gritty, wacked-out rhymes. The production on this album has an undeniable East Coast '85 flavour, harkening back to the days of Eric B., Rakim, Whodini... Make no mistake, Ol'Dirty Bastard is on another level. Drunken styles from Brooklyn, this record sticks out like a bottle of Bush Mills in an unweeded garden of 40 ounces. -Rufus Raxlonovitch

### MASSIVE ATTACK *Protection* (Virgin)

*TRICKY Mainquaye* (Fourth & Broadway/Island)

Massive Attack are the pioneers in the new wave of electronic/ dub/ acid jazz masters. *Protection* is their second album and is definitely the most important album in this genre of music. This sexy album contains one of the best "Stock The Fire Honey" tracks of all time but unfortunately ends on a very sour note with the worst cover ever done of The Doors' "Light My Fire".



Tricky is one of the original members of Massive Attack. Tricky shares the Isaac Hayes sample used on Portishead's "Glory Box" single and is sure to win with the fans. However, Tricky has more musical diversity than Portishead using well hidden samples from the Smashing Pumpkins. Martine's beautiful voice sucks you in with vocals of a controversial sexual nature that is sure to tantalize all two crucial albums.

Kerry Harmer

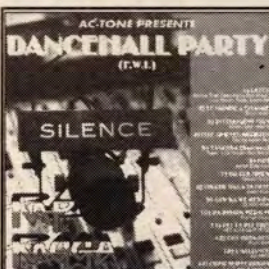
### ROYAL TRUX

*Thank You* (Virgin)

Aaaah, how fun it was the first time we saw skinny Jenny Herrema smoke those long ass smokes. Royal Trux huffed and puffed and blew the Purple Haze down last year; and their last releases on Drag City, the "Back to School" 7", and "Cats and Dogs" CD were high-



potency yields; but this, is the new album a joke? It's plain boring and sadly enough, reminiscent of the Black Crowes, filled with crapsky "riffage" and "licks". It hurts my heart to say it, but while "Cats and Dogs" was good, good whole wheat Shreddies, "Thank You" is soggy Captain Crunch — a rarity in disappointments. -Adam Gollner



### VIA Dance Hall Party (Hibiscus Records)

Comprised of 14 wonderful artists from glorious Martinique, Daddy Harry and Don McGuel have wrapped up quite the dancehall package. While not only performing on this all-French rap and ragga dancehall disc they've also assembled it's players, as they've stated "nous assemblons tout le gang". Why not get this one... it'll prepare you for warmer weather, resulting in a "tout garni" kind of a summer. -Derrick Beckles (Hibiscus records 288 St. Catherine W.)

### JOHN ZORN & MASADA *Alef* (D.I.W./Fusion III)

John Zorn's Masada have created what is by far the most emotionally present and organic Zorn album to date. The tracks on this disc combine Jewish folkstyles and a free-jazz base, in a mix loose enough to allow for a bit of wandering, with enough structure to support clever rhythmical changes, groovy breaks and scheduled freylachs. The effect is achieved with a quartet of stellar performers, trumpet-player Dave Douglas, bassist Greg Cohen, drummer Joey Baron, and of course, Zorn on sax. This first in a series of 4 CD's, we can only hope the others will be as engaging as "Alef". -Gen. K.Vetch

### BETTIE SERVEERT *Lamprey*

(Matador, Atlantic)

They make me feel like a dog in heat, like a fly in shit, like a fish in water, like a crackie on rocks, like a scientist doing field research, or just like a sloth. This dutch greasy grassy blubber



gives help where it is needed, kind of like a shish taouk. "Mmmm, goody", I hear you saying as you contemplate Lebanese delights, but hey, Bettie's bon pour la sante, and while it may not be "punk fucken rawk", it soothes like a 99 cent falafel! -Adam Gollner

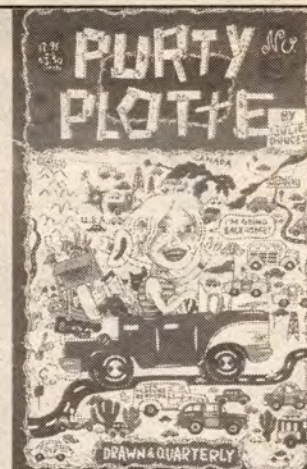
## BHANGRA BOX

*Various Downbeat in the Jungle* (Musicor)

Jungle is finally out of the underground and into the mainstream, at least in Britain. Downbeat is a compilation of 16 solid jungle tracks from the U.K. and mainstream artists are well represented here (UK Apachi, General Levy, Shy FX) along with some newcomers. MC Olive, a female DJ, is suprisingly on point with her Patra-like chatter. A "bhangra remix" of the chart topper "Original Nuttah" is included too, but there have been better takes with the tabla and sitar in techno. Though the focus is definitely "jungle on the ragga tip", one can peep various incantations of the music form; trance, hip-hop, and even funk all seep through. Non-believers or virgins to the junglist massive should pick this up and acquaint themselves wid' it -Verse

## DIRTY PLOTTE (Purty Plotte) Julie Doucet (Drawn & Quarterly)

After #7 Julie burnt out and decided to make Dirty Plotte an anthology but it bombed and everyone thought the Plotte was doomed. Fortunately, her burning quill has risen from the wreckage like a blazing phoenix and amassed the finest Plotte ever made. Purty Plotte is her "back to Montreal" issue and it eye poppingly depicts her boy troubled art school days for 25 pages (her longest yet!) with neither dismembered penises nor dancing espresso machines. C'est écoeurant!



### EIGHTBALL #15

Dan Clowes (Fantagraphics)



Just when you thought you were cool, Clowes (the king of cool) has burnt you like a marshmallow in a high powered microwave and turned the people you mock into romantic heros. He seems to have left his Velvet-Glove-self-indulgent-weirdness and Sex-in-Sports-faulty-pontificating behind and replaced them with two classy, well thought out stories that are both sad and satisfying. -Gavin McInnes

### MOTOCASTER *Stay Loaded* (Interscope)

It seems a little out of character for Mitch Easter to be producing a power trio that rocks as hard as this. Y'know, he's the svengali behind Let's Active and he produced R.E.M. He's not the kind of fellow to turn the guitars WAY up and echo the drums till they make your teeth chatter and push the bass up your spine. Or is he? True, Mr. E. sneaks a pedal steel into one of the slow ones, but for Motocaster (who used to be Motorola until Corp. USA called out the guard), a ballad is only a slightly more melodic vocal stapled onto the standard thunder rhythm and punctuated by the same steel-fang guitar. These are all good things indeed. You thought you knew power trios, huh? THIS is power.

-Mark Lazar

### STELLAR DWELLER *Hiwatrauma* (Bear)

I really tried to like this. After all that Rant Line crap and the embarrassingly pretentious song titles, I really wanted to give the music the benefit of the doubt. Unfortunately it's just not happening there either. Stellar Dweller are a Grunge band. This record epitomizes every reason the so-called "Seattle Sound" became such a joke. Endless flip-flopping from soft to hard and back again all but obliterates some genuinely good riffs. No less than nine of the fourteen tracks here begin with the exact same insipid "intro" guitar noodling. It's too bad because, with the exception of some sloppy drum work, there is potential here, most notably some powerful Cobainesque vocals from singer Andrew Rodriguez. The problem is simply overkill. Sixty plus minutes is far too ambitious for this band's first album. Less would definitely have been more. -Coinner

### KILLDOZER *God Hears Pleas of the Innocent* (Touch & Go)

After firing up the second coming of Killdozer with last year's *Undeclared War...*, Wisconsin's best boys get down again with some good-ol-boy sap tunes that are plenty full of gas. "Cannonball Run II '95" and "Daddy's Boy" let Albini turn up the swing, while bonding songs like "A Mother Has a Hard Road", "The Nobbies", and especially the nouveau rendition of Lee Hazelwood's (sic) "Pour Man" could almost bring a tear to your eye. "Big Song of Hell", blues, "Spork" prove flat out that Killdozer plows on. -Twister Extraordinaire

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# NO LONGER WARDS OF THE STATE:

## natives and the sovereignty debate

by William Nicholls, Editor of *The Nation*,  
a Cree newspaper serving the James Bay area.



Photo: Pierre Lemay

**I** myself, believe that the Francophone population has a right to hold the referendum. It stems from my opinion that only

the members of any given society or culture have a right to decide their future. For an outside force to impose a change, no matter how many benefits there are, is still oppression.

The separatists believe that they have been oppressed in this manner by Canada and wish to separate. It is surprising that they deny the First Nations' right to decide our future based on the same formula. Within Canada, the First Nations can say their future and culture have been affected by an outside force, namely Canada and Quebec. No one can deny the existence of residential schools that were designed to eradicate Native culture and languages. Is this not the major reason the Francophone population wishes to separate, they feel their culture and language are under siege within Confederation?

As the Native population looks at the issues and the referendum comes closer, we have begun to look at the future and our options. There has been heavy resistance to "Indians" having these options because there is a tendency among whites or non-Natives to think of "Indians" as the same people of the same mind. This was apparent among the general population of Quebec during the Oka crisis when non-Natives put all Natives under fire, committing blatantly illegal acts that were ignored by authorities. During the period of Mohawk effigy burnings, even Inuit people were ending up in the hospital.

"Indian" was and still is largely a white conception. Most whites and other non-Natives conceive of the real "Indian" as what we once were, what they imagine we once were. In reality there were over 2,000 Native cultures and languages in the Americas. In Quebec there are 11 Native nations comprising 54 separate communities. But why talk about this? The feeling in the "Indian community" is that Quebec will point out the differences between reasonable or "good Indians" (read pro-separatist) and the unreasonable or "bad Indian" (anti-separatist). This is expected to be the excuse that brings all the different First Nations into the folds of an independent Quebec. Not all First Nations peoples are of the same mind concerning the issue of separation.

Ghislain Picard, Regional Chief of the Assembly of First Nations for Quebec and Labrador, feels that the issue of separation must be looked at by each individual First Nation. The AFN brief that was submitted to the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Affairs tactfully stated, "Present issues of contention between First Nations within Quebec are often due to an unwillingness within the province to recognize the historical and legal foundations of our rights."

In Quebec, there is the persistent thought that somehow, somewhere, the Natives gave up the right to govern themselves as a people. Grand Chief Matthew Coon Come of the Crees of northern Quebec says, that in fact, Cree rights pre-date the existence of the Canadian state by several thousand years and that includes the right of self-determination. He said, "To me it is unacceptable that

this active and ever-growing separatist movement intends to dismantle the Canadian state and carry the Cree territory out of the Canadian Confederation with or without our consent. We, as a people, have the fundamental right to determine our own destiny. It's not a question of Crees seceding from Quebec but rather it is Quebec that is seceding from Canada and the Crees. But if the entire Canadian landscape is to be unilaterally or bilaterally changed, it is the Cree people who have the right to determine our own political status."

The Inuit are of the same mind, according to Paul Bussieres, coordinator of Quebec relations for Makivik. "I think the Inuit certainly have the political and legal capacity to decide for themselves. We prefer not to cross the bridge. The Inuit consider themselves to be good citizens of Canada and Quebec," he said. Bussieres added that he didn't know whether Canada or Quebec would be chosen if they had to make a choice between the two. He also pointed to the many eco-

**The informal Mohawk position on sovereignty is "they can separate with what they came with." Their formal policy is that this is an issue that does not concern them as it doesn't affect their independent status.**

nomic and administrative ties between the two nations as a factor in their eventual if any decision.

The Mohawk position is well known. They already consider themselves as having independent nation status and say they never gave up that right. Arnold Goodleaf, external affairs director of Kahnawake, says that the informal Mohawk position on sovereignty is "they can separate with what they came with." Their formal policy is that this is an issue that does not concern them as it doesn't affect their independent status.

Indian Affairs Minister Ron Irwin sparked off a controversy last fall when he said that Natives and their territories could stay within Canada if they wanted to. Another top Canadian foreign affairs official recently asked in Europe that if Natives want to stay in Canada they should vote "NO".

Reality shows that the Native peoples don't really get out and vote. Last election the Mohawks refused to allow any polling booths. Romeo Saganash, Deputy Chief of the Waswanipi Cree First Nation, points out that only 26 percent of eligible Cree voters participated in past elections. Saganash said that if the Crees are a nation, why would they participate in another nation's electoral process?

Natives indeed only got the right to vote in 1969 within Quebec. Perhaps this is why there is such a strong movement against, or feeling that Natives have no say in what goes on within Canada or Quebec both within and outside the Native communities located within Quebec.

While it is uncertain that other Native Nations will hold their own referendum, the Crees have established that they will do so and are setting up a schedule of Royal Commission-like panels to visit all Cree communities before the internal referendum on the issue of separation and Cree options. Grand Chief Matthew



## McGill Film & Video Fest Down Under

By Ziad Touma

The same way Australian and New Zeland alternative cinema is carving out a place of its own among the mainstream dominant genres, McGill's Student Film and Video Festival is attempting, for the second consecutive year, to draw a space of its own on the local scene map. Although most works screened originate from the one and only production class, the Department of English Cultural Studies Program offers its graduating students this "festival" (which is too much of a big fancy overused word to refer to a year-end screening) and also interestingly enough, accepts audio-visual works from all other McGill departments (architecture, management, law, etc...). Instead of allowing their festival to develop into an unassumingly democratic forum with a mandate to grant an audience for film and video from all around campus, event organizers, too concerned with wanting to pepper their resumes with awards, go against their own manifesto by making it competitive and granting prizes in different categories. After two uncued VHS tapes, one burnt frame on an 8mm short and an unsynchronised cassette tape played on the radio as the accompanying soundtrack to a 16mm film, a reporter impatiently coughs in the press screening room- coughing being the latest major "faux-pas" since the release of *Outbreak*. Festival coordinator Malve Petersmann apologizes by explaining that she has to figure out the projectors' functioning by herself since faculty members are showing no support or interest in this event's organization. Without film equipment and facilities, Cultural Studies students limit their creativity to editing reappropriated found footage from their archival images library, rather than investing in original scriptwriting or exploring the infinite avenues that video production can inexpensively offer them.

Saul Pincus, a graduate of Concordia's Communication Studies program and director of the 34 minute Hi-8 video *Degrees*, recently proved at Cinéma Parallèle that video can in fact allow accessible filmmaking, impressive storytelling and powerful performances. Josh MacDonald, in the lead role of this short story he wrote back in high school, won the best male actor award at the Atlantic Film Festival for his ability to genuinely portray all four different characters.

As for McGill, we will attentively survey their Second Annual Film and Video Festival to determine if a rare *Jack and Jill* or *A Boy and His Log* will leave their department screens to become great warrior films featured in the local festival circuit among the many shorts produced by students from the three other Montreal universities.

Moving to the Land Down Under, a "nouvelle vague" of films has finally hit the shores of our North- American territories. Not that Australia and New-Zeland haven't been making films forever, but audiences around the world have only recently discovered the wit and genius of their craft. As much as most travellers find it insulting to be considered American after claiming they come from Canada, Oceania's two countries should not be confused, for they each embody a uniquely different cultural and artistic identity. One invented the boomerang, the other invented bungy jumping. One's native people are the Aborigines, the other's are the Maoris. One's exclusive animals are the koalas, kangaroos, platypus and emus, the other's national symbol is the kiwi bird. If four funerals and *Muriel's Wedding* is added to *The Sum of Us* and if *Priscilla*, that unforgettably campy ABBAesque hit, along with that ballroom movie are strictly Aussie, *Once Were Warriors* and *Heavenly Creatures* should be savoured as very Kiwi, with a Maori flavor as exquisite as *The Piano's* (for which director Jane Campion was the first woman in history to be awarded a Palme d'Or at Cannes for Best Film). *Once Were Warriors'* director, Lee Tamahori, makes no point in putting on his P.C. gloves to delve into the core of his film's frank issues regarding a family's survival through domestic violence. Awarded Best Film at Montreal's World Film Festival, this movie's raw images and harsh scenes are intensely shocking to an audience used to our watered down, self-conscious and cautious representations.

Ziad Touma, our regular film contributor, is the director of the much acclaimed short comedy *Dinner at Bubby's*, presented at various festivals around the country, among which the current International Short Film Festival. Ziad is presently directing the Broadway musical *Fame* which First Class Productions are presenting at Place des Arts on April 11 & 12 for the benefit of the Just For Kids charity fund.



Photo: Shaney Komulainen (NFB)

Coon Come and Deputy Chief Kenny Blacksmith have both been outside Canadian borders bringing their concerns to the international playing field. Blacksmith said before a Massachusetts Legislative panel, "There is one other issue that I wish to bring to your attention. The core policy of the present government of Quebec is Quebec secession, and on the breakup of the country on your northern border, on ethnic grounds. The Quebec government is also intent on taking the Native peoples and our lands into an independent Quebec with or without our consent. This situation is in breach of our rights, and we are doing what we can to raise the human rights implications as we see them." Native issues and concerns are being brought to the international political level not so much by Canada or Quebec but by the Native peoples who are no longer satisfied to be pawns in the games of governments.

A few of my separatist friends, while agreeing or disagreeing with such actions, have complained that we have been silent too long. As I have pointed out, Natives only got the vote in

1969 and residential schools, among other things, are very much a part of recent memories for many. Native peoples are regaining control over their lives. The "Indian" of the past has been passive, almost sleeping you might say. Well now the "Indians" are awake with a knowledge of how the system works and how the concept of "Indian" status within it has changed. Since the 1960's we have been redefined to be legally considered people and as people the "Indian" will not sit quietly by and watch his future grabbed out of his hands again. The "Indian" is no longer a ward of the state and will not be treated as such. This is the consensus even if individual First Nations do not know what choice or action they will take in the face of Quebec's secession.

*The Nation*, a Cree newspaper that comes out every two weeks serves the James Bay area. Subscriptions are \$45 for individuals and \$60 for organizations. You can subscribe by phoning 514-272-3077.



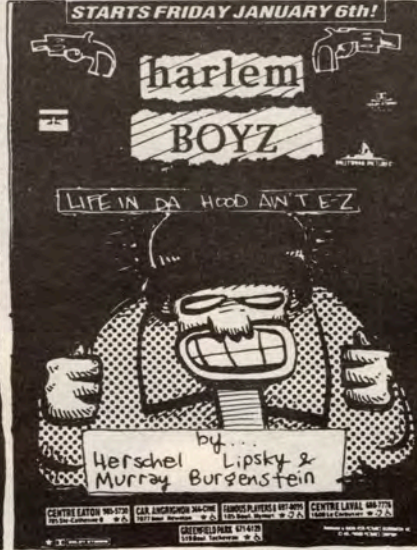
# ELEMENTARY FEMINISM STARRING ME!! H. SLAMER '95



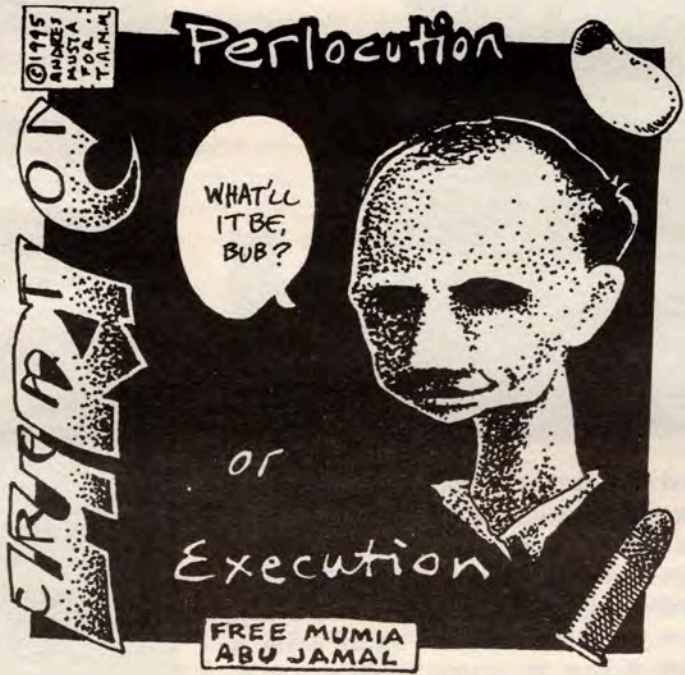
Isn't she cute?

# THINGS THAT SEEM ODD!

Gavin



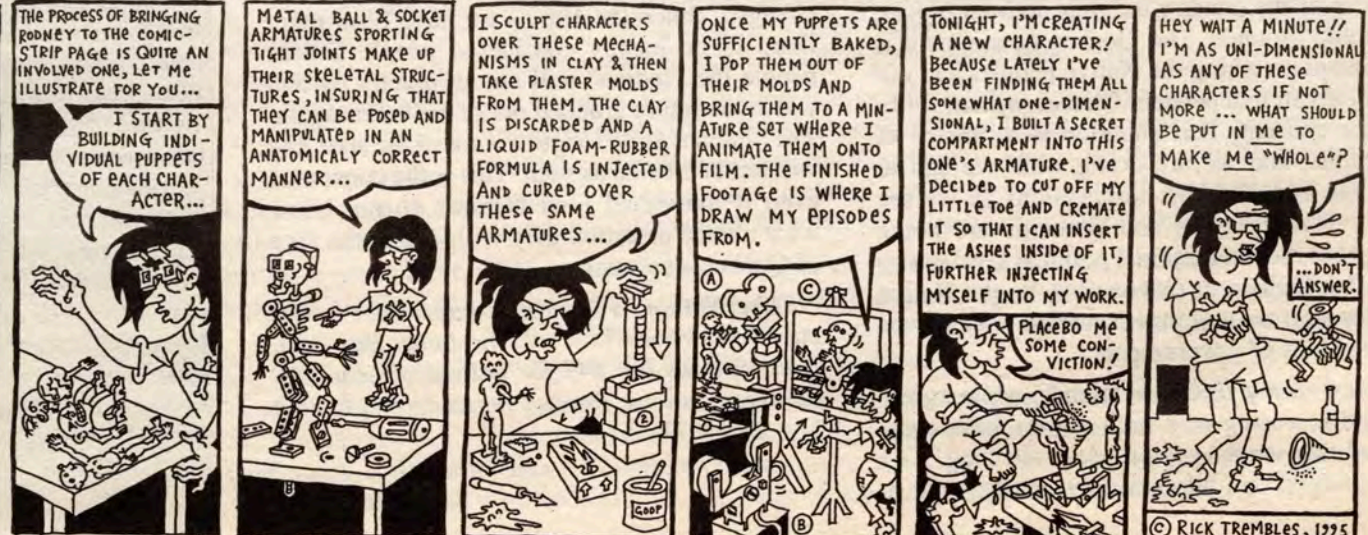
## VISIONS OF MY FUTURE!



## ODDVILLE!



# RODNEY CHOMP



© RICK TREMBLES, 1995



# THE LAST POETS:

## SOCIAL PROPHETS AND THE SECOND COMING OF GENIUS

by Derrick Beckles

*"Our message is universal and we've come to recognize when you share the truth with one particular group of people, that truth usually works for other groups of people as well"*

*-Abiodun Oyewole of The Last Poets*

Every so often there is a crack in our social facade and a true message born of fact and knowledge is provided with just enough fertile soil to bear fruit. Twenty five years ago there was such a crack. The language and messages emanating from a culture were funneled uncensored, often controversially, through the minds and voices of The Last Poets. Over a short period riddled with internal and external strife, they effectively released some of the most lyrically potent and socially challenging offerings of their times. In a generation where revolution, cultural understanding and self-betterment topped the agenda, if you believe it was represented by The Beatles, you most likely also lived next door to The Brady Bunch.

Umar Bin Hassan and Abiodun Oyewole (Doon) are the "Last Poets," make no mistake about it. They lived and addressed the issues of today twenty five years ago, issues of the denial-ridden, sleeping giant that America was and in many ways still is today. **"It's 1995 and this is supposed to be America land of the free, the greatest most powerful country in the world, and that's a lie. It's these illusions themselves that are causing a lot of people harm to themselves and the national psyche,"** cautions Umar.

Unfortunately, it was fighting these same illusions that took a toll on Umar and Doon. For Doon it came in the form of a three year prison sentence in North Carolina, a repercussion for being a **"young, egotistical fiery brother."** The charges stemmed from a hardware store gun robbery after being challenged by an equally young, revolutionary brother. (Doon, however, was only implicated after robbing affiliates of the KKK in order to raise bail for two friends who had been caught.) The

three years were positive for Doon, **"It was a chance for me to get myself together and know how seriously mad the system is. Once you get a chance to go inside the belly of the beast and study him and smell his stink, you get a better version of what is going on."**

For Umar, the problems surrounded a cocaine mistake he entered and exited alone. He acknowledges those days with a respect and casualness that indicate a positive reunite with himself. **"You know even when I was in crack houses doing poems people knew who I was. They'd say, weren't you in the Last Poets, and I'd say, 'Yeah I'm one of the Last Poets, but you know, pass me the pipe, let me take a hit and then I'll do a poem for you all.'"**

Looking at these events, Doon says it was their mutual understanding of the initial commitment that brought them back together. Born in 1968 to commemorate Malcom X's birthday in Mt Morris Park in Harlem, the group consisted of Gylan Kain, David Nelson, and Abiodun Oyewole. After many changes, Umar joined in 1969.

Amidst showering percussive sounds emanating from a bongo, they began The Last Poets. Their opening words **"Are you ready niggers?"** resonate in the ears of those present and a generation later in the ears of those who have been touched by them. A contributing factor to Umar and Abiodun's resilience is the simple fact that they know who they are and where they come from. Doon says, **"It was never a selfish thing. We always said we were the voices of the Black community and it's the Black community who made us who we are."**

As the black community struggles to survive in today's political climate and resurrected personality crisis with political offerings such as those of Minister Louis Farakhan, Umar and Doon find themselves torn. **"There are things I don't like about Farakhan but I'd be the first to stand up and defend his right to speak...I'd be the first to defend him too because he is a Black man in America and once they get him they'd come after me...we must keep ourselves strong whether we believe in him or not."**

After all of their turbulent by-gone years, their voices and recordings still embody the same youthful exuberance that has both scarred and enriched their past. Along the way they build an empire rich of history and pride for themselves and the black community, parenting a musical genre known as rap. Yet in the wake, they feel they must contend with this young, musical genre which in many ways hasn't come close to making the impact they have. The messages have become blurred with a social frustration that often offers violence as the solution. It is a familiar frustration that is responsible for the demise of many of America's black youth. **"It's hard being young and Black in America. There is a lot to deal with. That's why it fucks me up when I see them killing each other. That's what really hurts me because there is so much beauty in them man...They know they're not doing the right thing, but they want to survive and they want their families to survive. I appreciate that and love that in them."** Umar says.

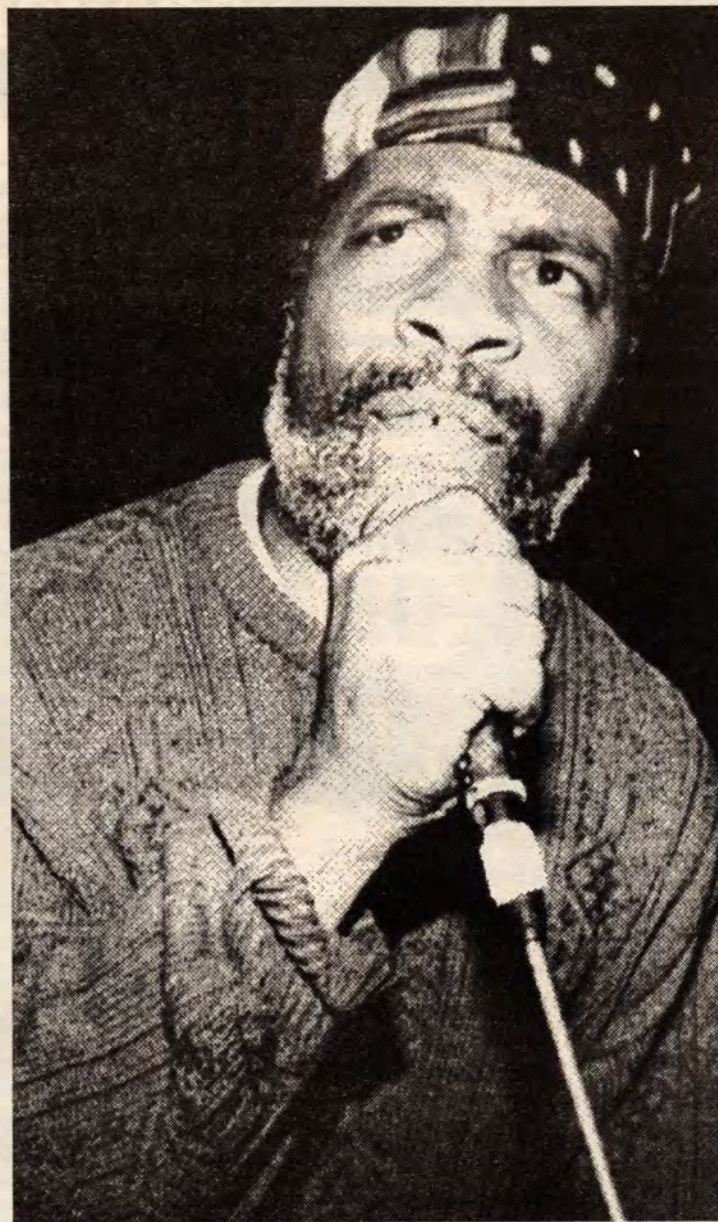


Photo: Michael Ackerman, Doon in '94

Doon also feels a responsibility to help direct the Gansta rap rage whose flames are being fanned by a recognition of potential profit through record sales. **"It's like Willy Gun Gun comes over here and say shoot em up bang bang and everybody buys his records. I'm like saying, get it together and on the righteous path."**

Straying from the path and finding it again has also kept the dream to inform and inspire alive. Doon, who teaches creative writing at Columbia University and New York area elementary schools, sights the true understanding of language as a tool for empowerment, so widely misunderstood. **"When talking about revolution you have to realize language is serious. With language you have to take it to another level...The Last Poets knew what language was when we were 19 and 20 years old. We really had to have a love for the language."**

It's the misuse of language and lack of knowledge in today's music that upsets these poetic vanguards upon the mention of notables such as Kenny G and Michael Bolton. Doon sets it straight, **"I did this thing where I said, We went from B Bop to G Bop and this slop is killing me...He(Kenny G) does not sound like a jazz musician, he does not come from the source and therefore he cannot produce it."**

With Umar's solo album, **"Be Bop or Be Dead,"** dedicated to his father and all black fathers denied artistic expression and creativity in America, and The Last Poets' new solo album, **"Holy Terror,"** they hope to redirect much of the wayward energies of today's music. These albums unequivocally come from the source. **"We're hoping 'Holy Terror' sets a standard. They'll say, Let's see if we can start making some words, Let's make them our mentors...We're hoping we might be in that position humbly, help them lift to another standard and lift it to another level."**



Photo: Michael Ackerman, Umar bin Hassan



# backshelf scavenge

by Michael Will

Several issues ago we dealt with **The Housekeeper**, a welcome throwback to the 1960s' mass desecration of aging screen legends in campy horror hag roles. A neglected credit was that it was adapted (very liberally) from the novella "A Judgment in Stone" by British suspense queen Ruth Rendall, who proves to be a splendid source of inspired sensationalism with the discovery of **Innocent Victim** (1989). Made for smutty old Channel Four under the book's original title "A Tree of Hands", this one again mixes middleclass gentility with a maggot's feast of unsavoury elements, including child abuse, sado-masochism and rampaging skinheads, and boasts Lauren Bacall as the funniest post-menopausal sociopath since the reign of Shelley Winters.

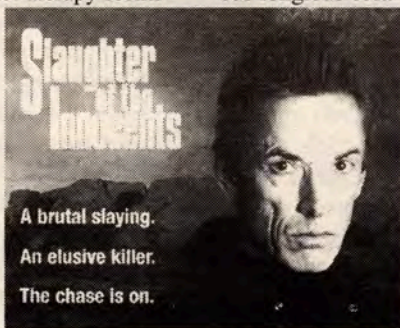
## VIDEO

Canada's "Miss Pleasantly Generic", Helen Shaver, plays a London-based expatriate author of children's books single-mothering her sweet little boy (how's that for your base-covering P.C. update of the gothic romance paragon of virtue just begging to be put through the wringer?) Back into her life storms monster mother Bacall, fresh out of the booby hatch and itching to seize control, arriving just in time for her grandson's sudden death from a mystery ailment. With Shaver refusing to be consoled (and after two whole days!), radical grief therapy seems to be in order and Bacall's got just the thing: she replaces the child with a look-alike moppet, snatched from the nearby projects. The horrified Shaver, after barely fending off a butcher knife attack for her ingratitude, sends Bacall back to America (thereby saving a bit of scenery for the rest of the cast to chew) and plans on anonymously returning the boy, only to discover at bathtime that his little back is covered with welts. It's here we get to know the boy's charming mother, a punketty ditz who sings Eric Burden covers at a local saloon, masturbates with a loaded revolver and implores her live-in boyfriend (Paul McGann of **Withnail and I**) to smack her around because she "likes in KINK-EE!" McGann, a drunken ex-con, is everyone's chief suspect and can't leave the flat without getting the snot kicked out of him by local skins, drug dealers and bobbies. Meanwhile Shaver's problems are compounded by Bacall's abandoned gigolo, Peter Firth (whom some might remember as the teenage horse mutilator in 1977's boring and pretentious **Equus**), who, having figured out the score and hot for both Shaver's money and body, is fixing to move right in.

As in **The Housekeeper**, the various crazed and criminal antagonists are so extreme that they turn into figures of fun (not unlike their real life counterparts, if you've known enough of them), but **Innocent Victim** is every bit as sus-

penseful as it's funny, with a script that plays up the strength of Rendall's quirky plot mechanics. One's really swept along with Shaver's destiny as it spins out of control and there's no way of knowing how she's going to get out of this mess. Or if she's going to: the film's mood, like that of **The Housekeeper**, has such an undercurrent of misanthropic near-parody that one never quite trusts its makers with the heroine's fate. This is exactly what makes a Rendall novel such a good read.

Sometimes the most shameless cash-ins have their own little edges on what they imitate, especially when looked back upon subsequent eras. For instance **Psycho** is as near perfection as horror gets, but seems unnecessarily mannered when compared to the following year's **Homicidal**, William Castle's slightly remixed transy-shocker that *Time Magazine* actually deemed a scarier film. The **Psycho** of the 90s, of course, is **Silence of the Lambs** (both tone down the true life exploits of Wisconsin's Ed Gein, while **Texas Chainsaw Massacre** exaggerates them) and the referentially titled **Slaughter of the Innocents** (1993) is its lively little **Homicidal**. Scott Glenn (the bargain basement's Nick Nolte) plays a fed on the skids who needs the right case to help pull his socks up, and along it comes with a series of child slayings linked to an odious religious cult. With the desktop help



of his computer-whiz son (who, predictably, strays from his nerd cell to make a nuisance of himself in the gruesome thick of things) Glenn runs around the country from one atrocity to the next, following

clever if logic-defying clues dug out of that old gore flick standby, the Book of Revelations. It's a perfect device for skimming things along, past all that painstaking forensic and psychological detail that did little more for **Silence** than demand one read the book to piece it all together. The grand finale is where **Slaughter** really holds its own. Jodie Foster may have been content with an anticlimactic shootout while stumbling around in the dark, but Glenn squares off with a gibbering ax-wielding geek in a charnelhouse of Boschian horror that, in one final spectacular twist, reveals its sickly hilarious Biblical significance.

**Innocent Victim** and **Slaughter of the Innocents** are at most stores, as are the three Ed Gein bios mentioned. **Homicidal**, despairingly, still hasn't been released on video and never seems to show up on television. It's the first and best of William Castle's psycho trilogy and the others, both good campy fun, are **Strait Jacket** (1964) with Joan Crawford, available at certain Movielands, and **I Saw What You Did** (1965), the granddaddy of all teenage babysitter screamfests, which one of the PBS stations indulges itself by showing about once a year.

# REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE

by Fred Quimby

## ARCHERS OF LOAF



"Harnesses In Slums"/"Telepathic Traffic" (Alias)

This Chapel Hill combo has turned into a mighty force. While *Icky Mettle*, their debut, had all the indie-kids shaking in their Doc Martens, others yelled Dino-Pavement wannabees, and wrote the quartet off. Well, these 'Loafers are having the last laugh. While still a 'pop' band in essence, they have stripped down and become a rawer lifeform. The pop is there, it's just been buried, and challenges the listener a little more. 'Harnesses In Slums' is pulled off their new record called 'Vee Vee, and can be only described as a stomper of a tune. Shaky twin guitars send it into orbit and there's no looking back. 'Telepathic Traffic', a non-lp track, chuggs along nicely while singer Eric Bachman sounds like he's literally gasping for air as he sings "There's no breath/no ventilation", and an acoustic guitar hold things nicely in the background. Most b-sides wish they could sound this good. As Chapel Hill natives, they have found the perfect position of being placed right in between the tuneful-punk of **Superchunk** and the art-rock of **Polvo**, which is not a bad place to be.

## VENUS CURES ALL (WhiskeySour/Aural Borealis)

This double 7" is a very pleasant surprise from this Toronto band who formally went under the moniker of **Chicken Milk**. That band had always had a penchant for chunky guitars, which is still spread out nicely in this new outfit, but where Chicken Milk fell into cluttered arrangements at times, **Venus Cures All** have peeled away the layers to reveal their core. Venus Cures All is pop band, but also a rock band, who like to turn things up when needed. "Satan Be Gone" is standard traditional rock arrangement, and I'll confess that the guitar solo is a little too long for my tastes, but the song's even tempo and nice harmonies has that nice 'drawing in' effect which makes it work. On "Like Fleas to A Dog", the best track of the six included, the band reaches rock bravado, and a pop conscious balance that works really well, lifted higher by great vocals and again, harmonies. "Tossing Pearls" is another feather in their collective caps, with a sad sliding guitar as the glue holding it together. They even had the good taste of covering **Mission Of Burma's** 'That's How I Escaped My Certain Fate', which they handle nicely. Like **Jale**, which comparisons may occur due mostly to the harmonizing, Venus Cures All are not girls, but women, making good, strong, intelligent music. (Whiskey Sour Records 14 Hepbourne St. Toronto, On M6H 1J9)

## MUSIC

# recordings for DEVIANTS

by Johnson Cummins

Hi kids! Welcome back to *Recordings for Deviants*. This month as promised we look at the **Jim Jones and The People's Temple's** *He's Able* record, which is now celebrating new life on C.D..

Since there's probably a large portion of the big pants generation who might not remember that particularly garish cover of *Time Magazine* (Dec. 1978), I'll give you a little background on the man who gave new meaning to spiking the punch and livening up the party.

Jim Jones created his own brand of Christianity, mixing communism, post-apocalyptic visions and of course sex. He began preparing his followers with rituals known as "White Nights" which was the practice of "revolutionary suicide" to help protest fascism and racism. This of course garnered unfavourable media interest in the People's Temple.

The move to Guyana was imminent—the rehearsal of "White Nights", the number of Jim Jones' private guards along with the practise of public torture was on the rise.

Congressman Lee Ryan was finally sent to Guyana upon hearing allegations that people were being held against their will. What he witnessed was nothing short of a concentration camp. Two refrigerators of sodium pentothal (truth serum), thorazine, valium, demerol, thalium, and chloral hydrate (a hypnotic drug) made it quite obvious that the love of Jesus was not the only inspiration for this nine hundred plus crew to be working under the tropical sun for fourteen hours a day.

Congressman Lee Ryan was shot dead before he could alert the U.S. government of the situation in Guyana. This also signified the end of rehearsing "White Nights" and putting the mass suicide into action.

The album *He's Able* was put out on Brotherhood Records in San Francisco years before the Jonestown massacre. It's peppered with inspirational Christian songs with a Motown twist. In fact I found myself humming the tune of "Walk a mile in my shoes" until I realised that I was humming a song from an album of dead people.

The C.D. also includes a non-L.P. track simply titled "Mass Suicide". Yep! You guessed it, the final moments captured on tape. We hear the massive crowd of nine hundred applauding the ingestion of the cyanide by others coupled with screams and Jim Jones' final speech over top. "All it is, is taking a drink to take...to go to sleep. That's what death is, sleep" says Jim Jones moments before screams overtake his speech and the tape ends. This is truly one of the most disturbing things I have ever heard. In fact I've only made it through the whole speech once.

I think John Waters described it best in his book *Shock Value*, "I always play this horrifying ear-witness account of death at the end of my parties when I want the guests to leave. It works better than yelling, "FIRE!"

(**Jim Jones He's Able** C.D. is on Grey Matter, and distributed by CARGO. Transcript of final speech, Temple Press: P.O. Box 227, Brighton, Sussex, BN2-3GL, U.K.)

next week: **RUSS MEYER'S MOVIE SOUNDTRACKS!**





# TATTOOING: THE NEW SCHOOL

-by HOLLY STAMER



Photo: Steve Legari

You should get a tattoo! All your favorite rebels are doing it. Models, moviestars, stockbrokers, etc. *Sassy* magazine calls tattoos "fun" and "cute" and says a subtle "unmanly" rose on the breast is still the best choice for a girl. Maybe a cute little Celtic band around your arm or a cross the size of a dime on your shoulder where you can show it off selectively, able to cover up for job interviews and visits home?

Or how about a neon red devil on your calf? Or an intricate chrome "tag" emblazoned on your forearm? Or a full back piece for all the world to see, undeniably marking you for the rest of your life as "one of us" and not "one of them"? (C'mon, punk, wasn't it you who said "fuck society"?)

Step aside posers, the revolutionary new school of tattooists, using vibrant colors and unwavering

## CITY

thick black strokes, are pushing the envelope of

non-conformism and teasing the mainstream. They're doing their duty like many before them; keeping the artform controversial and underground.

Reflecting the "street" of the day, the style often resembles slick graffiti art; stylized and lush with an attention to movement and buoyancy. Themes run the gamut from ominous and symbolic to truly whimsical, adding new elements such as humor and outright self-mockery.

The new breed are also trying to understand and take more seriously the delicate issues of power and freedom which tattooing brings to mind. Involving the client in the creative process and attempting to maintain an equilibrium between tattooer and tattooee, artists like Montreal's Dave C. are not adverse to suggestion and criticism, putting in many unpaid hours drawing, re-drawing, and researching (symbolism, etc.) until a perfect image emerges. "People are walking around with my art on them for the rest of their lives", he says, and by finding a balance between the client's wishes and his own unique creative style, he allows the piece room to be absorbed by the wearer as their own.

Working out of **Point-St. Charles Tattoo**, a low-key studio run by 30-year veteran and master craftsman Tony Danessa, Dave is rapidly developing a devoted clientele base and gaining respect and credibility in the Montreal underground.

After an unhappy stint in Brooklyn, N.Y. working for "this biker wannabee who wanted a shop to pick up chicks", he eventually hooked up with Sean



Oops! Stamer gets a little carried away with the story.

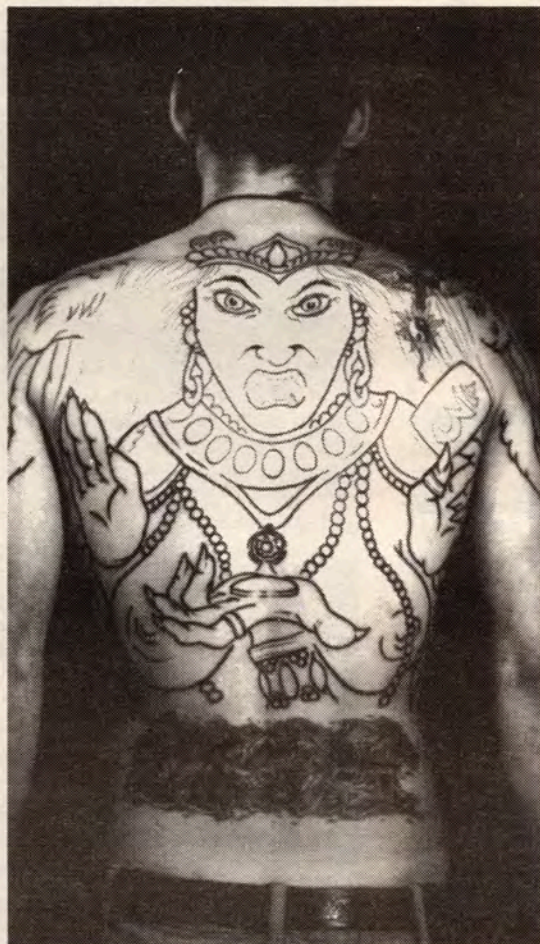
Vasquez of the renowned **East Side Inc.**, a Lower East Side tattoo "gate" (tattooing is illegal in NYC). The experience perfectly sums up the two worlds of tattooing: meathead scratchers and pretenders out to make a fast buck with little skill or talent, regurgitating the same old eagles, panthers, and butterflies VS. serious artists experimenting and breaking new ground.

On a recent episode of *Fighting Back* (CFCF's pathetic "consumer advocate" show featuring mostly white middle-class yuppies com-

plaining about parking spaces) a story was run on a botched tattoo but ended up being an alarmist essay on the evils of the tattoo world which included the

unfounded accusation that local tattooists are not sterilizing their equipment. It left the viewer with little option other than DON'T DO IT.

The options are simple. Asking to see your tattooist's sterilization machine (autoclave, same as at the dentist, looks like a square pressure cooker) is as much your responsibility as safe sex and is just as easy. Although there are no local health regulations concerning the practice, most reputable tattooists will use one as much out of respect for the client as for the tattooing community as a whole — not to mention



Raf's "Kali" backpiece (in progress) and lower back tag "sleight".

the risk of tarnishing their own reputations.

"It should never be a matter of money" says Dave, "if you walk into some shop advertizing tattoos for \$25 and you get tattooed with a rusty needle, it's as much your fault as it is his (the artist)". You get what you pay for. (As of yet, no known case of AIDS has ever been traced to a tattoo studio. Hepatitis? Yes.)

Problems usually arise when clients don't properly take care of the tattoo in the crucial 2 day period following the job. Again, it's a two-way street. The tattooist does their job and you have to do yours. The directions on the caresheet are not suggestions, they are mandatory instructions to be followed stringently. A good tattooist will drive this point home to the client since a poorly healed piece will reflect on the artist whether it's her/his fault or not.

Although the practice has been around for centuries, disappearing from one culture only to be embraced by another (even the uptight Victorian aristocrats flirted briefly with tattoos until they were made inexpensive and available to the working class), tattooing continues to come under fire. Hardly surprising since our society has yet to fully address such basic human rights as individualism, choice, and personal expression; the essential ingredients of any artform.

Thanks to Dave C., Tony Danessa & Point-St. Charles Tattoo and Rafael Montero

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## MUSIC

### 6 APRIL

Chris Whitley and Scrap Douglas, Café Campus.

### 7 APRIL

Oye! The funkier, biggest and the best latin dance party ever. **Tierra del Fuego** explodes with the launch of Vamo'a Pambicha, the scorching debut album by Montreal's own 14-piece Latin powerhouse **Papo Ross & Orquesta Pambiche** with spinmasters **La Nueva Generacion**. El Rancho features traditional Merengue by **Joaquim Diaz y su Grupo** complemented by The Oyé Dancers and visuals by Circus Maximus. **Metropolis**.

### 8 APRIL

**Ginger** (ex-members of **The Grapes of Wrath**) with special guests **Ursula** at **Club Soda**, 8 p.m.

**Me, Mom & Morgentaler**, **Metropolis**

**Goo Goo Dolls** with **hHead** (it's spelled right, they're Canuks). Rage with them at **Café Campus**, 8 p.m., 844-1010.

### 9 APRIL

**The MIMI'S** (Montreal Independent Music Industry Awards), **Café Campus**.

Get a taste of opera without spending a C note. The **Opera Repertoire** students directed by Jocelyn Fleury perform works by Offenbach, Gounod and Bizet at the **Concordia University Concert Hall**, 7141 Sherbrooke W., (Vendome, bus #105), 8 p.m. Free. 848-7928.

### 10 APRIL

**Belly, Superchunk and Cold Water Flat**, (all ages) **The Spectrum**.

### 11 APRIL

Check out **Public Enema**, a six-piece, funky hip hop band with Washington D.C.'s **Eric** on the turntables. They always have cool guests. Beer is 2-for-1. Every tuesday at **Voltaire**, 11 p.m.

### 14 & 15 APRIL

**Derivative Records'** first annual 'Thingamagig' celebrates the label's second anniversary. 2 nights of shows, a matinee, and a puppet show, zines and funky record vendors.



The bands: **The Spiny Anteaters**, **Spool**, **Ruby Falls**, **Dirt Merchants**, **Desk**, **Moonsocket** (Chris from **Eric's Trip**), **Broken Girl** (Julie from **Eric's Trip**), **Awooga**, **Pest 5000**, **Needle**, **Bean head**, **Nerdy Girl**, and **Stand GT**. The place: **Stornaway Gallery**. \$8/one night, \$5 matinee (includes breakfast). Get a package for \$12 (5 bands Sat., 5 bands Fri., plus matinee) For details call L'Oblique: 499-1323.

### 16 APRIL

**The Last Poets** featuring **Umar Bin Hassan**. The original voice of the urban ghettos, the revolutionary's revolutionaries, the fore-fathers of Rap, the professors of Jazz poetry deliver rhythm and word with conviction; with special guests Toronto Dub Poet **Clifton Joseph** and **The Young Lion Movement** from Montreal

(**Manchilde**, **Mizery**, **Krymex** and **Dee Smith**). On the wheels of steel from NYC's **Giant Step: DJ Chiffreez**. **The Rialto Theatre**, Easter Sunday, 8 p.m. The Rialto Box Office: 272-3899. A District Six Productions and Voice of Montreal presentation.

**Lorraine Klaasen** and **Émiline Michel**, the South African and Haitian queens of World Beat music meet under one roof. Bring your own towel. You'll be learning the definition of the word 'hot'. Both songstresses will perform new material. **Club Soda** 8 p.m. Tickets are available through the Admission Ticket Network: 790-1245, \$20.

### 18 APRIL

**Les production nuits d'Afrique** presents **Ngoma**, World Beat musicians from Vancouver, four men and four women who posses the magic of music from Africa and the world. See them at **Club Balattou**.

**Guns n' Roses** lead guitarist, **Slash**, **Guns'** drummer **Matt Sorum**, **Alice in Chains** bassist **Mike Inez** and rhythm guitarist **Gilby Clarke**, ex-Jellyfish guitarist **Eric Dover** uncoil and regroup as **Slash's Snakepit**, live and venomous at **Metropolis**.

### 21 APRIL

**Norman Pop Star**, **Weli**, **Wake**, **Blume Doc Blinkey** and **Rosebuddy** fill the bill for the **Nadem Production Party**, **Purple Haze**, 9pm

### 25 APRIL

**The Notorius B.I.G.**, bigger than thou show, with special guests **Jay Soul**, **R-Kade** and **Krymex** at **World**, 7 p.m.. Phone the Rapline: 739-9125.

**The Melvins**, 'godfathers of the Seattle sound' at **Woodstock**. Info: 982-1859.

## LECTURE

### 11 APRIL

A public lecture followed by a panel discussion focusing on Jewish characters in Shakespearean literature and theatre, their portrayal on stage and the issue of social responsibility for theatre companies takes place in the theatre of the **Saidye Bronfman Centre for the Arts**, 7:30 p.m. Free. For information call 739-2301.

## CLUBS

### 7 APRIL

**Black Sun** presents **Mondo Bizarre**, a freak show extravaganza with **Angry Blue Woman**, **Istvan The Impaler**, **Live Tattooing** and more. **Bar Lézard**.

### 14 APRIL

For the mature and sophisticated **DJ Ace** is your musical programmer with the finest in funk, compas, house, reggae, zouk and hip hop. For one night only the **Groove Lounge** at **Club Voltaire**. Special R&B performance by **Infinity**, \$7

### 16 APRIL

**Rickey D** and **Shaheed** host the grand opening of **Fusion** at the **Cathouse**. Funky love, peace and unity with **DJs Majest**, **Dr. Jamm** and **Knite Rider**. The **Cathouse**, 382 Mayor, 848-9306.

**Sonu's Entertainment Network** presents **Harmony**, an Easter celebration with

music by **Donald D & DJ Premiere** at **Club XS**, 10 p.m., \$7, It's a dress your best, chi chi thing.

**Two Black Gays** are back with some more **Hot Chocolate**. Work that outfit. A tribute to **Diana Ross** with some house, funk and reggae from **DJs Eddie Lewis** and **Dr Love**. **Club Sky**

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### 23 APRIL TO 29 APRIL

February 1994: the Montreal gay bar **Katakombes** is raided. **Peter**, a playwright is enjoying a **Perrier**. **Paul**, a police officer, arrests **Peter** and his **Perrier**. **Peter** resists arrest, **Paul** cuffs **Peter**, and they fall in love. **Peter 'n Paul Get Mary'd**, a new play by **Steve Galluccio** (**Batman** and **Robin: The Untold Story**, **Brady Bunch/The Hidden Episode**, both favourites of the '92 and '93 **Fringe Theatre Festivals**) opens at the **Geordie Theatre** space, Opening night 8 p.m., all other shows 7 p.m. & 10:30 p.m. (April 25, 7 p.m., **Divers/Cité** benefit). No reservations.

## BENEFIT

### 9 APRIL

**CKUT Benefit Club Nite** featuring cataclysmic Montreal DJs **Tiga**, **G'nat** and **Gary Evans**. The shut-down-the-funding-drive event is at **Angel's Bar**, 10 p.m. The goal, \$60,000, to be raised over a 10-day period with thousands of prizes to be given away during the funding drive. **CKUT** pledgeline: 398-8991.



### 15 APRIL

**The Ripcordz**, **Flounger**, **Rosebuddy**, **Salad Days** and **Mobster Syndicate**. Five great bands, one good cause. Five bucks for five bands with proceeds going to 'Le Bon Dieu Dans La Rue,' Father **Emmet Johns'** street youth outreach van. The money raised will pay for food and gas for the mobile youth center. The benefit is at **Reggie's Pub** 8 p.m. Tickets are available at **L'Oblique** and **Cheap Thrills**.

## FILM

### TO 9 APRIL

**The Montreal International Short Film**

**Festival** features 200 films including animation and documentaries, from 28 countries and in a special salute to cinema's 100th birthday retrospectives in tribute to **Jaques Tati**, **Oliver Stone** and **Krzysztof Kieslowski**. All screenings are at **Maison de la Culture Frontenac**, 2550 Ontario E. Free (except 6 screenings). The closing party with funkadelic band **Super Bad** is at **Lion D'Or**. To pick up you program call the **Festival infoline**: 872-7884.

## ADDRESSES

**Angel's**, 3604 St Laurent, 282-9944

**Cathouse**, 382 Mayor, 848-9306

**Centaur**, 453 St-Francois Xavier, 288-3161.

**Club Balattou**, 4362 St-Laurent, 499-9239.

**Club Soda**, 5240 avenue du Parc  
Admission Ticket Network: 790-1245

**Club Voltaire**, 11 Prince Arthur, 843-6760

**Club XS**, 1824 St-Catherine W, 939-2022

**Le Beat**, 802 St Catherine E., 845-8242

**Lézard**, 4177 St Denis, 3rd Floor

**Lion D'Or**, 1676 Ontario E.

**Geordie Theatre** space, 4001 Berri.

**Metropolis**, 59 St-Catherine St. E., 288-2020.

**Purple Haze**, 3699 St Laurent, 982-0570

**Reggie's Pub**, Concordia U., Hall Building, 1455 de Maisonneuve W

**Rialto Box Office**: 272-3899.

**Saidye Bronfman Centre for the Arts**, 5170 chemin de la Côte-Ste-Catherine at 7:30 p.m. Free. For information call 739-2301.

**Stornaway Gallery**, 1407 St-Alexandre, 288-7075

**Woodstock**. Info: 982-1859

**World**, 1400 Montcalm, 7 p.m.. Phone the Rapline: 739-9125.

## OBITUARY

**Eazy-E** bit the proverbial bullet recently, shortly after being diagnosed with AIDS. He was possibly the most hated rapper since **Bushwick Bill** (**Geto Boys**) and his financial greed caused the break up of the legendary **NWA**.

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Noah plays the accordian and stuff for Me Mom and Morgantaler. He thinks he's so-o-o-o smart.

Marie Ellen is French and I didn't understand a word she said. Something about "Lithographie".

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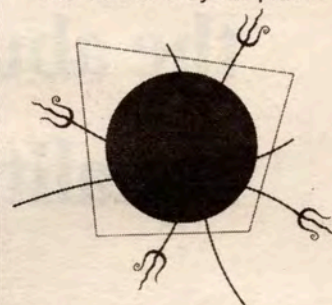


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